









THE SCENES IN BOSTON ON  
DAY OF JUNE

Should ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every 'fingering moment, 'that should move  
The 'very 'stones to rise and mutiny.'

Again, in the second—his surname of Burns—did  
the spirit of Robert Burns seem to have risen from

**✂** We are requested to state that the Post Office address of Mrs. EMMA R. COE, during the remainder of the summer, will be at Hartford, Ct.

CIETY.

to meet at 2 o'clock, P. M.

**AFTERNOON MEETING.**

Met pursuant to adjournment. The meeting was called to order by the President. The report of the nominating committee was then taken up, and adopted.

Mr. Garrison addressed the meeting, showing

It is unnecessary for me to say, that Mrs. Coe is a lady extensively known as a woman of a very high intellectual and moral culture, who is devoting her time and eminent talents to a cause which she believes to be of the highest importance to the human race, and that thousands of the most intelligent who have listened to her gifted pleadings, most sincerely and deeply share her convictions. She will yet, we hope, be heard in Nashua.

stalwart men—strong in their bodies, and strong in purpose. They are men of ideas, will, enterprise and courage, and are, we think, well qualified to lead a way for that great exodus of freemen, of which they are the precursors and pioneers.—*Worcester Spy.*

*Mr. Dana's Assailant Sent Back.*—NEW ORLEANS, July 11. Wm. Oxford, alias Sullivan, who attempted to murder Richard H. Dana, Esq., senior counsel for the slave Burns, and whose arrest has been previously reported, has been sent back for trial, in charge of officers Jones and Heath, by the Star of the South, to-day.

**National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.**

**PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.**  
PUBLISHERS,  
BOSTON.



## POETRY.

For the Liberator.

TO CARIE.

On reading her Poem, "Captivity of Burns."

Thou hast spoken bravely, Carie!

And my inmost thought is stirred,

With heart and tongue to greet thee

With some fondly spoken word.

Thou'rt working bravely, Carie!

And I feel that thou art one,

That ne'er will idly tarry,

While there's work that must be done.

With a purpose strong and holy,

With an earnestness and might,

Thou art laboring for the lowly,

Thou art toiling for the right.

Peace and solace thou art giving

To the griefed, unquiet breast,

Dropping a word in season

To th' oppressor and oppressed.

Fearless, each web, unsightly,

From the darkness brush away;

Bring out each evil plotter

To the sunny light of day.

True hearts now beat with pleasure,

In answer to thine own;

With a quick and joyous measure,

For the spirit thou hast shown.

This humble token, Carie!

Responsive to the true,

And in honor of thy valor,

Accept from loving

Hardwick, Mass., June 30, 1854.

L. W.

Of all the "divines" in this country, we do not

know of one who is quite so swollen with self-conceit,

pyrotechnical and jargon in manner and matter, big-

gly-piggily in thought and expression, pedantic in

literary and scholastic display, facile and trimming

in action, and eccentric and Co-comical in all things,

as the Reverend Doctor Samuel Hays, of New

York. Here is a poetical (!) ode from his pen, for the

4th of July, 1854, published in the *Journal of Com-*

merce. Its bombast and flattery are matched only by

its impudence and falsehood, in view of the millions in

chattel slavery on our soil—the hunting of flying

fugitives—the appalling strides and impious purposes of

the Slave Power—its absolute away over the religion

and politics of the country.—*Ed. Lib.*

THE FOURTH OF JULY.—1854.

BY REV. S. H. COX, D. D.

America, hail! happy land of the West,

For freedom and glory forever the best;

We welcome with jubilation gladness the morn

That heralds the day when our nation was born.

We think of our sires with high pleasure's acclaim,

Their noble resolve and their patriot aim;

Their great DECLARATION appealed to the sky,

That shook all the nations that FORTH OF JULY.

The tyrants all felt it; its thundering ban

That sunk them, exalting the interests of man;

The duties, the rights of the species displayed,

And left all usurpers forever afraid. (!)

Here freedom established, prevails and endures; (!)

Religious and civil, our country ensures;

The relics of bondage that monarchs have made,

Are doomed from our history to lessen and fade.

Then man shall be free in this world of the West,

Our country's example the oldest and best:

Thy great Benefactor, America, own,

Jehovah our STATOR supreme on his throne.

Be UNION the charm of our strength and our name,

E PLURIBUS UNUM our motto of fame;

From ocean to ocean united and free,

We are but the shadow of all we shall be.

Yet own it, and tell it, to one and to all,

UNITED WE STAND, BUT DIVIDED WE FALL;

Away then with party and sectional pride,

With paltry ambition to treason allied.

Away with all croakers of danger and doom,

Since, trusting in God, we have native land, not gloom!

Thy people, self-governed, have here the command.

Each virtue in progress, our prosperous sway

Shall shed on all nations a glorious day;

Not Italy's despot, nor hell's horrid king,

Nor one of their brood, shall our terminus bring. (!)

We love our whole country; of many, "thine one";

Each man, in each State, the political son

Of our country's great sire, our own WASHINGTON,

In war, and in peace, still unequal'd, alone.

The North and the South, and the East and the West,

We know them, we love them, our homestead, the best;

One nation are all; its constituent parts

Are members in common, and dear to our hearts.

Its body is one, so colossal and grand,

So seen from afar in its lofty command:

America! 'thine of all nations the sway;

With truth, and religion, and freedom, thy day.

Can suffer no night; while our flag floats unfurl'd,

Its stars and its stripes, o'er the freedom-loving world

Jehovah endure, and our country defend;

He fills it with Christians, (!!) his own faithful friends.

America, hail, then! with such PATRIOT'S blest,

Carreering in glory, first-born of the West;

Thy millions all live free, thy splendor confest

For freedom and wisdom forever the best. (!)

Here is another "patriotic" rhapsody, published

in the same *Journal of Commerce*, (a paper not sur-

passed in pro-slavery malignity and perverseness,) which

is almost a match for that of the Reverend Doctor

aforesaid:—

A LYRIC OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Day of the Soul! when Valor's hand

Rolled back the darkness from our land—

Called FREEDOM from the tyrant-tomb,

And clothed her with immortal bloom,

Then, as she burst the icy bars,

Placed on her brow a wreath of stars,

And heard her clarion-voices cry,

In thunder to the earth and sky—

"No tyrant-hand shall grasp my sod!—

My kingdom—Love!—my monarch—God!"

Day of the Free! what millions now

With flashing eye and lifted brow,

From where old Plymouth rears his Rock

Majestic o'er Ocean's shock,

To California's rivers rolled

In music through their banks of gold—

What joyous millions tell the time

When MAX at last arose sublime,

And swore—that one, thus made by Him,

But less than the Cherubim,

No more should spread the vassal-seat

Before the heav'n-enslaving priest—

No more should hold his soul a slave

To bloated kings, on FREEDOM'S grave—

No more should bear a grinding chain

Clank horror o'er land or main—

No more should let the bigot's bars

Hide heaven's own pure, eternal stars,

But that mankind would break the rod,

From tyrant-light restore the sod—

Their kingdom—Love!—their monarch—God!

## THE LIBERATOR.

## SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

## AN ADDRESS.

Delivered at the Anti-Slavery Celebration at Fram-

ingham, July 4th, 1854.

By HENRY D. THORNTON, of CONCORD, (Mass.)

I lately attended a meeting of the citizens of Concord,

expecting, as one among many, to speak on the subject of

slavery in Massachusetts; but I was surprised and dis-

appointed to find that what had called my townsmen

together was the destiny of Nebraska, and not of Mas-

sachusetts; and that what I had to say would be entirely out

of order. I had thought that the house was on fire, and

not the prairie; but though several of the citizens of

Massachusetts are now in prison for attempting to re-

scue a slave from her own clutches, not one of the speak-

ers at that meeting expressed regret for it, not one

even referred to it. It was only the disposition of some

wild lands a thousand miles off, which appeared to con-

cern them. The inhabitants of Concord are not pre-

pared to stand by one of their own bridges, but talk

only of taking up a position on the highlands beyond

the Yellowstone river. Our Buttricks, and Davises,

and Homers are retreating thither, and I fear that

they will have no Lexington Common between them and

the enemy. There is not one slave in Nebraska; and

there are perhaps a million slaves in Massachusetts.

They who have been bred in the school of politics

fall now and always to the facts. Their measures

are half measures and make-shifts, merely. They put

off the day of settlement indefinitely, and meanwhile,

the debt accumulates. Though the Fugitive Slave Law

had not been the subject of discussion at that occasion,

it was at length fairly resolved by my townsmen, at

an adjourned meeting, as I learn, that the compromise

compact of 1850 having been repudiated by one of the

parties, "Therefore, the Fugitive Slave Law must be

repealed." But this is not the reason why an

iniquitous law should be repealed. The fact which the

politics face is merely, that there is less honor

among thieves than was supposed, and not the fact that

they are thieves.

As I had no opportunity to express my thoughts at

that meeting, you will allow me to do so here?

Again it happens that the Boston Court House is full

of armed men, holding prisoner and trying a MAN, to

find out if he is not really a SLAVE. Does any one

think that Justice or God awaits Mr. Loring's decision?

For him to sit there deciding still, when this question

is already decided from eternity to eternity, and the

unlettered slave himself, and the multitude around,

have long since heard and assented to the decision, is

simply to make himself ridiculous. We may be tempt-

ed to ask from whom he received his commission, and

who he is that received it; what novel statutes he

obeys, and what precedents are to him of authority.

Such an arbiter's very existence is an impertinence.

We do not ask him to make up his mind, but to make

up his pack.

I listen to hear the voice of a Governor, Commander-

in-Chief of the forces of Massachusetts. I hear only

the creaking of crickets and the hum of insects which

now fill the summer air. The Governor's exploit is to

review the troops on muster day. I have seen him on

horseback, with his hat off, listening to a chaplain's

prayer. It chances that he is all I have ever seen of a

Governor. I think that I could manage to get along

without one. If he is not of the least use to prevent

my being kidnapped, pray of what importance is he

likely to be? When freedom is most endangered,

he, drearily in the deepest obscurity. A distinguished

clergyman told me that he chose the profession of a

clergyman, because it afforded the most leisure for lit-

erary pursuits. I would recommend to him the profes-

sion of a Governor.

Three years ago, also, when the Simms's tragedy was

acted, I said to myself, there is such an officer, if not

such a man, as the Governor of Massachusetts,—what

has he been about the last fortnight? Has he had as

much as he could do to keep on the fence during this

moral earthquake? It seemed to me that no keener

satire could have been aimed at, no more cutting in-

sult—the absence of all inquiry after him in this crisis.

The worst and the most I chance to know of him is,

that he did not improve that opportunity to make him-

self known, and worthily known. He could at least

have resigned himself into fame. It appeared to be

forgotten that there was such a man, or such an officer.

Yet no doubt he was endeavoring to fill the gubernatorial

chair all the while. He was no Governor of mine.

He did not govern me.

But at last, in the present case, the Governor was

heard from. After he and the United States Govern-

ment had perfectly succeeded in robbing a poor in-

nocent black man of his liberty for life, and, as far

as they could, of his Creator's likeness in his breast, he

made a speech to his accomplices, at a congratulatory

supper!

I have read a recent law of this State, making it pe-

nal for any officer of the Commonwealth to "detain,"

or aid in the "detention," any where within its

limits, "of any person, for the reason that he is claimed

as a fugitive slave." Also, it was a matter of notoriety

that a writ of replevin to take the fugitive out of the

custody of the United States Marshal could not be served,

for want of sufficient force to aid the officer.

I had thought that the Governor was in some sense

the executive officer of the State; that it was his busi-

ness, as Governor, to see that the laws of the State

were executed; while, as a man, he took care that he

did not, by so doing, break the laws of humanity; but

when there is any special important use for him, he is

useless, or worse than useless, and permits the laws

of the State to go unexecuted. Perhaps I do not know

what are the duties of a Governor; but if he is to

Govern, he requires to subject one's self to so much ignominy

without remedy, if it is to put a restraint upon my

manhood, I shall take care never to be Governor of

Massachusetts. I have not read far in the statutes of

this Commonwealth. It is not profitable reading. They

do not always say what is true; and they do not always

mean what they say. What I am concerned to know

is, that man's influence and authority were on the

side of the slaveholder, and not of the slave—the

guilty, and not of the innocent—of injustice, and not

of justice. I never saw him of whom I speak; indeed, I

did not know that he was Governor until this event oc-

curred. I heard of him and Anthony Burns at the

same time, and thus, undoubtedly, most will hear of

him. So far am I from being governed by him. I do

not mean that it was any thing to his discredit that

I had not heard of him, only that I heard what I did.

The worst I shall say of him is, that he proved no more

than the majority of his constituents would be likely to

prove. In my opinion, he was not equal to the occasion.

The whole military force of the State is at the service

of a Mr. Buttle, a slaveholder from Virginia, to enable

him to catch a man whom he calls his property; but

not a soldier is offered to save a citizen of Massachu-

setts from being kidnapped! In this what all these

soldiers, all this training has been for these seventy-

years past? Have they been trained merely to rob

Mexico, and carry back fugitive slaves to their masters?

These very nights, I heard the sound of a drum in

our streets. There were men training still; and for

what? I could with an effort pardon the cockle of

Concord for creaking still, for they, perchance, had not

been beaten that morning; but I could not excuse this

rhubarb of the "trainers." The slave was carried

back by exactly such as these, i. e., by the soldier, of

whom the best you can say in this connection is, that

he is a fool made conspicuous by a painted coat.

Three years ago, also, just a week after the authori-

ties of Boston assembled to carry back a perfectly in-

nocent man, and one whom they knew to be innocent,

into slavery, the inhabitants of Concord called the

bells to be rung and the cannons to be fired, to cele-

## THE LIBERATOR.

brate their liberty—and the courage and love of liberty

of their ancestors who fought at the bridge. As if

those three millions had fought for the right to be free

themselves, but to hold in slavery three millions others.